

Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

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What They Have Said of Us.

Upon the demise of the "Eaton Democrat," we received very many flattering notices from our cotemporaries, as also upon its resuscitation, which it has been our aim to deserve. Our course has been at least consistent, and firmly believing the principles we advocate to be founded upon truth, and that the right is always available, we shall neither swerve to the right nor the left, in the work before us. We thank our friends for the kindness exhibited in the following extracts, which we have selected from the number met with in our exchanges. There are many wholesome truths contained in some of these articles, and they should be pressed deeply upon the hearts of the Democrats of Preble, and move them to a sense of their duty. It is for this that we have selected them, and wish that they could be read to each and every Democrat in the county, who has neglected to support his own County paper:

The Eaton Democrat.

We regret to learn that that sterling Democrat paper, The Eaton (Preble County, Ohio) Democrat, is to be discontinued. The Editor, Mr. Gould, states that a want of sufficient patronage is the cause. The Editor reads the good people of Preble county a lesson which they ought to profit by. He says that Preble county has a Democratic voting population of sixteen hundred and that only five hundred of these could ever be induced to take their county paper. This is all wrong—robinsonism. The idea is preposterous that not more than one out of every four of the voters of any county can afford to take a county paper. This failure on the part of the Democrats of Preble county to support and sustain their organ, is suicidal to their best interests, and will result to their great injury.

The Democrat has been ably conducted, and was an efficient paper—every way worthy the patronage and support of the people of Preble county.

We regret exceedingly, that there is such a universal disposition with Democrats to take foreign papers, to the exclusion of their county papers. Every Democrat should first take his own county paper, and afterwards take as many foreign papers as he sees fit. We are satisfied that more than one half of the Democrats of Clermont county take foreign newspapers, to the exclusion of their own county papers.

This policy cripples a county paper, and makes it a burden upon the publisher. It discourages his efforts, weakens his energies and paralyzes his hand of its power to make the paper what it should be, and would be, if properly sustained. About one out of every three Democrats of Clermont county take The Sun.

The other two of each three takes some foreign paper. While they thus are supporting foreign papers, they leave their home paper to bear the brunt and do the fighting for the party unaided and unassisted by them. Each county paper has its distinctive duties to perform to its own county—it has to bear the brunt of the county conflicts and sustain the whole party locally.

Support your county papers, first, and sustain the hands that are engaged in doing battle for the cause of Democracy.—Clermont (O.) Sun.

The "Eaton Democrat" has been suspended for want of adequate support. There are a number of noble-hearted Democrats in old Preble, who will feel deeply the loss of their organ.—The mass of those belonging to the party in that county, like their brethren in most other counties, did not attach sufficient importance to their home paper, and preferred a dollar paper published at a distance, vainly imagining that their county paper could be published without material aid, and that the editor could subsist upon the wind, and at the same time conduct, and incur the expenses of a long campaign. There are many of those who should support their county paper, who send their money off for a paper printed in some city, and don't even contribute a dollar towards paying for the tickets they vote, nor any of the other expenses incidental to a different course in regard to their local papers, they must expect them to live in but a precarious state of existence, while the opposition, appreciating the power and influence of the Press, rally in thousands in support of their county papers, and maintain their supremacy over the minds of the people and the politics of the county, by industriously circulating their papers, and liberally supporting their editors, thereby giving them the

greatest efficiency. It is time that the Democracy of Ohio awake to a sense of the greatest delinquencies in their party organization, and at once remedy the evil. The history of local, and state, and national politics, bears us out in the position we have assumed. Indeed, in Business, Theology, the Arts and Sciences, the power of the Press is acknowledged as the Archimedean lever, while in Politics, it is Atlas upon whose shoulders rests the world. If those interested in the success of Democratic men and measures will for a moment reflect upon this subject, the truth will force itself upon their minds with irresistible power. It is unfortunate for the Democratic party in Ohio, that their organs are not better sustained. Since the Presidential election, two Democratic papers have suspended operations, and we fear, unless a different course is pursued in the future, from what has characterized the past, many others will follow in the wake of those gone before! Democrats, render unto your local papers a liberal support—pay for your papers, and see that your local Editor is free from pecuniary embarrassments by your neglect, and with a mind free to discharge the duties you expect from him, you will give greater efficiency to his efforts, by discharging the duties devolving upon you! Upon this matter we speak understandingly and knowingly. There is no more unpleasant task devolved upon an Editor, than that of perpetrating "a dun" or "duns" through his columns, and such a thing would never have to be endured by newspaper readers, if all who were subscribers would promptly pay up their dues. Such a course would impart life and vitality to the paper, and spirit and energy to the Editor, and both patrons and publishers be benefited. These remarks are intended for the benefit and practical observation of all who have in any way or manner, been connected in their duty to support or subscribing or paying for their local paper, or in "forking over" their proportion of the expenses incurred in any campaign.—Lebanon (O.) Citizen.

The Eaton Democrat Suspended.

We are sorry to see, by the last number of the Eaton Democrat, that Mr. Gould, the editor of that sterling paper, has been compelled to suspend its publication for want of support and patronage. The fact is by no means creditable to the Democracy of Preble, and they will in future have much cause to regret their pecuniary negligence and indifference. Mr. Gould published a good paper and rendered much service to their organization, and he ought to have been sustained.

There is no sin of which our political friends are so justly chargeable with as neglect and indifference to their press; and, unless it is reformed, they will reap the bitter fruits of defeat and disaster.

They could and ought to learn some useful lessons from the opposition in that respect, who boast with much truth of the immense number of copies of journals favorable to them that are put in circulation. Unless our friends emulate them, they will lose their present preeminence in the nation.—Cin. Daily Eng.

A Great Shame.

Preble County, in this State, boasts of having 1575 Democrats in her borders, 100 more than voted in this county at the last election; yet they have permitted that excellent Democratic paper, the "Eaton Democrat," to die out in her midst for want of support.

In such counties as Preble and Harrison, where the opposition has a large majority, a Democratic paper to be sustained as it should be, must have the support of every Democrat in the county, or it cannot live. The Democracy of this county patronize the "Sentinel" freely, but to make it more efficient, and keep it from being a losing concern; it must have increased patronage. Besides, every man who takes the paper must pay for it. Delinquent subscribers are the chief cause of the death of all newspapers that die out; and we do not wish the Sentinel to fare that fate. The Democracy of this county must do more for their county paper, than they yet have done, if they desire it to be prosperous, efficient, and its editor kept from embarrassment.—Sentinel, Racine O.

Discontinued.

We are sorry to see that our former townsman, Mr. L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor of the Eaton (Ohio) Democrat, has been compelled, for want of adequate support, to discontinue the publication of that paper. Preble county, in which the "Democrat" was printed, has a democratic vote of nearly sixteen hundred, and it is somewhat singular that out of so large a number but five hundred subscribers could be obtained, many of whom contributed nothing towards the support of the paper. The Democrat was a most excellent paper, ably conducted, and during the late Presidential canvass did yeoman service for the Democratic cause. We sincerely sympathize with Mr. GOULD in his pecuniary loss, and trust he may soon find a location where people are more discriminating, and where his industry and ability will be better appreciated and more liberally paid for.—Curtis (Pa.) Volunteer.

The Preble County Democrat.

Some time ago we were grieved to announce that the Eaton Democrat had been discontinued for want of patronage. We were agreeably surprised but a short time since in receiving it again, revived under the name of the "Preble County Democrat," and possessing greater attraction than before, in its appearance and editorial management. Mr. L. G. GOULD, the indefatigable editor is worthy of the support of the sturdy democracy of Preble county. We shall be very much surprised if he does not receive it.

If the Democracy of the United States possess any one fault which we are disposed to blame, it is the want of judgment which they exhibit in not extending a hearty support to the Democratic Press. Some years ago it became the rage to take the N. Y. Herald, the Tribune, or some such newspaper, to such an extent that Democratic editors and proprietors have been crippled ever since. Our enemies, securing the patronage of even democrats, and possessing the influence of wealth and power shot ahead of us in their party organs; deceiving the unsuspecting by professions of neutrality, and cheating thousands by an ephemeral reputation of independence. Time was too, when the great commercial interests of the country conceived our policy dangerous and perhaps ruinous. But that time has past. The whig party dying, from its ashes sprang, by some strange contradiction, a party so ultra-progressive in its doctrines, that danger ranged our party upon the side of conservatism. Its noble stand in that behalf has secured the affection of the commercial interest, and the support of the flower of the old whig chivalry. The great agricultural interests of the country are with us, too. What is there then to prevent the Democratic press from becoming superior in every respect to the leading organs of the opposition? We have the people of the country in our favor. We have the government in our hands. The statesmen of the nation are our statesmen. And the growing intellects of the land are daily ranging themselves under the banners that lead to battle for equal rights and self government. Only one thing is wanting. Only one element is necessary to complete success. The patronage of the Democratic masses is wanting, and that alone, to place our sterling press as far in advance of all others, as our party is ahead of all minor factions and disorganized bodies. The Democratic people have only to will it, and a month would distance the fastest of our struggling competitors.

It is high time our friends throughout the United States were looking to this matter. It is no theory, but plain truth that we have preached. If the safety of the nation is wrapped up, as we believe it is, in the integrity and success of our party, it becomes a sacred duty which no man should neglect. Let the people take this matter into consideration. Support your party press. In proportion to your patronage will be the attractions of your paper. Pay the printer, encourage the proprietor, foster the talents of the editor, and time will create predilection in the nation.—Daily Dayton Empire.

Preble County Democrat.

We are glad to find our sprightly and energetic cotemporary, L. G. Gould, Esq., revived in spirit and before the public. Some weeks since he gave up the publication of the Eaton Democrat, but since, the Democrats of Preble county, having come to their senses, on the subject of a newspaper in their county, have come up to their rescue, and Mr. Gould is again going along with his paper with renewed courage. He has changed the title of his paper to "Preble County Democrat." We trust our worthy friend will meet with that encouragement he so well merits. He makes an excellent paper, and it would be a shame to have it die out for want of patronage.—Clermont (O.) Sun.

The "Eaton Democrat," transfigured into "The Preble County Democrat," came to us last week in an enlarged form, and looking as bright as a new pin! It speaks well for the Democracy of Old Preble, and we doubt not that they will render unto it a generous support. They have now a County organ of which they may well be proud. We wish the paper hosts of good paying subscribers and the Democracy whose organ it is, abundant success, and hope to hear of the redemption of Old Preble from the thralldom and stain of Black Republicanism and all other ills.—Lebanon Citizen.

The mother of the Rothschilds lived at Frankfurt, and was taken sick at 98 years of age. She said she was sure to live to 100, as nothing belonging to the house of Rothschild must go before her. She died, however, for she died at 99.

The fellow who perpetrated the following plan would have a pension: "Why is a lady sweeter when she is just out of bed in the morning? Because she's a rose."

At a spiritual meeting a short time since, Balcan was called up and asked if there were any jackasses in his sphere. "No," replied he, indignantly, "they are all on earth."

The Preble County Democrat.

The Democratic Press throughout the United States.

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The Preble County Democrat.

Poetical.

MY MARY.

BY MARGARET HUBER.

She blossomed in the country,
Where sunny sunbeams bright
Her rosy arms around the earth,
And brightest blossoms bring.
And grace her soft features,
I never dreamed the willow
Contained so sweet a flower.

Far distant from the sea,
And inland from the bay,
My Mary bloomed in goodness,
As pure as pure could be.
She caught her dewy fragrances
From hill and mountain breeze,
I never dreamed the willow
Contained so sweet a flower.

The rainbow must have left her
Some of its fairy grace,
The wild rose parted with a blush
That glowed on her cheek;
The sunbeams got entangled in
The long waves of her hair,
Or she had never grown to be
So modest and so fair.

The early birds have taught her
Their joyous merriment,
And some of their soft innocence,
And some of their sweet song,
And for her now, if need be,
I'd part with wealth and power,
I never dreamed the willow
Contained so sweet a flower.

Miscellaneous.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Oh! man may bear with suffering; his grasp
Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but
One chord of affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him to a woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit's ethereal life.

"To think he would have said that;
in such a tone, too, and I have not been
his wife but six little months!" And
a deeper shadow drifted over the beautiful
face; the small, rosy fingers twisted
back with a petulant motion the brown
curls that flowed over her cheeks, and a
fresh flood of tears poured from the soft
eyes.

These bright, bitter tears, they looked
strangely out of keeping with all the
surroundings of the young wife.
The pale light of the moon shone through
the damask curtain, and filled the tastefully
furnished room with a rosy spring
like glow. The fire curled with its
thousand bright serpentine tongues up
the black mouth of the chimney, and as
Ellen Howard sat there in its shine, it
seemed as if only happy thoughts could
find a nesting place in a heart around
which so many of earth's blessings clustered.

But that day for the first time a shadow
had drifted across her married life;
it had originated in some trivial matter,
but the inclination of the wife and the
opinion of the husband had been brought
in collision, and after considerable pointing
and an angry remark from Ellen,
which she would the next moment gladly
have recalled, Henry Howard had
spoken peremptorily, almost angrily,
to his young wife, and left the house.

She was the only "heart's flower"
of the home whence he had transplanted
her, and she had been nurtured in an
atmosphere of love and kindness, such as
little strengthens the spirit for the trials
and the strife, which, sooner or later, all
must encounter.

Henry Howard loved his young wife
with an intensity of affection which
strong, proud nature such as his can
alone feel; but she never dreamed where
her brown head rested against the heart
whose every pulse throbbled with a love
for her which it is seldom the lot of
woman to receive, that a strong will, and
resoluteness of purpose, which no circumstances
had evolved to her perception, might
fight for a time hold in subjugation even
love for herself.

"He shall not see how his remark
pained me; I will wipe away these tears,
and he shall never dream I have shed
any," said Mrs. Howard, rising up, and
pacing her parlor with flushed cheeks
and an unsteady step. "I will meet him
with cold politeness on his return, and
he shall learn that Ellen Howard is not
a child whom he can order at his will."

Oh! Henry, Henry! to think, "the tears
were dashed away, and the rising sob
hastily swallowed down, but a very
bright vision in the past had evoked
them."

"Well, I suppose I did speak rather
hastily to Nellie, this noon, and I feel
half like calling myself a scoundrel for
it," soliloquized the young merchant, as
he paced a small room situated at one
end of his large building, that afternoon
with an abstracted air and troubled brow.

"I dare say the poor child sits there
alone, feeling as if her heart was almost
broken, but—hang it! her remark touched
my feelings at a point where they are
most sensitive, and the words had passed
my lips before I was aware of it. I ought
to remember, too, how I took her (bless
her sweet little self) from a home where
never a stern or angry word had never
met her ear, and how I told, on that
night when she lifted her blue eyes so
trustingly to me, and laying her little
hand in my own, promised to be mine,
that I would guard her from the very
shadow of evil, that her happiness
should be far dearer to me than the
life which would be nothing without
her."

And now, when she has been the
sunshine of my home for nearly six
months, I have—Henry Howard you're
horrible!

a rascal, and there is no use of denying it, and you don't deserve that little jewel of a wife you have, any more than some other persons you thought didn't."

The heart of Ellen Howard beat quickly that night as the sun went over the house-tops, for her ear caught the sound of a well known foot-fall in the hall.

Then a quiver of pride rippled over the red lip, and when her husband entered the room, instead of springing forward, as she had always previously done, to receive his caresses, she remarked, quietly, lifting her eyes from the pages which she had been for the last two hours perusing:

"You are late this evening Henry."

The voice, the manner, chilled the tide of warm feeling which had been gaining depth and strength all the afternoon, for Henry Howard had returned with the intention of making full concessions to his wife for all that was hasty or unkind in his conduct at noon.

But the words he was about to speak died on his lips, as he met the cool, almost ironically courteous reception, and simply remarking:

"Yes, I was unavoidably detained," and seated himself by the fire, and took up a book.

In a little time they went out to supper. How unlike it was to former ones. The lamp still poured its soft, silvery shine on the white china, and the glittering urn; but the smiles which had sweetened the tea, and the loving words which had given a richer flavor to the muffins, were no longer there.

But a shadow on two loving hearts—and a breach widening continually between them—these were there.

And so the meal ended. Alas! it was but the type of others.

Two days had passed away, and the coldness which had sprung up between the newly married pair still continued.

"Can't bear it no longer, this very night I will go to him, and lay my cheek against his own, just as I used to do, and say to him, 'Henry, put your arm around me and call me your own Nellie once more or my heart will break.'"

"I can't bear it any longer—I've got so I dread to go home; I don't believe Nellie loves me as well as I thought she did," said the young merchant as he made his way homeward with a weary step, very unlike his former quick, joyous gait.

And they met again, and the old demon pride came back to both hearts, and neither dreamed of the bitterness which each was meting out to the other.

"I am going out a little while to-night, Ellen, I shall return early." She bowed her head—that was all, for the tears were coming, and she would not that he should see them.

And he could leave her thus—all alone without one kind word, murmured the now really wretched wife, as she heard the door close, and the footsteps grow fainter in the distance.

Then she threw herself on the lounge, and burying her brown head in the crimson cushions, wept long and bitterly, and between the sobs that convulsed the figure of Ellen Howard, came the self-accusing words, "Oh! if I had only told him."

At last, exhausted with her violent weeping, the lids closed over her eyes, and Mrs. Howard sank into a heavy slumber.

She started up quickly, for the silvery voiced time piece had broken in with its story of ten o'clock, on the hush which filled the room.

"And he has not come yet! He who never left me alone an evening before! Oh! if harm should befall him! I had been very heavy before with its weight of shadows."

She went to the window, and looked up at the clear, cold stars. She went to the door, and listened for his footsteps; then she went to the grate, and stirred up the glowing bed of anthracite, until a golden light filled all the room, but still he came not.

Eleven o'clock came, and he was not there.

Twelve o'clock, and Ellen Howard sat alone.

One o'clock!—what pen shall record the sufferings, which during those two long hours had been the portion of Mrs. Howard.

The bell rang—it was a loud startling peal, she sprang up, and hurried to the door, for all the domestics had retired.

There were two gentlemen there—she recognized them as acquaintances, but the third—one glance, and she grasped the door handle, or she would have fallen.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Howard," said one of the gentlemen; "your husband has not experienced any injury, and a good night's rest will restore him. He was at a supper given by one of our club this evening, and, unfortunately, drank rather freely."

They carried him in, his wife leading the way with faltering steps; laid him on the bed, and immediately departed. She was alone with him, and the scales had fallen from her mental eyesight.

She saw then how truly he had loved her, how the pride of both had driven him from his home that evening, and to the sin which he had been guilty, and

she shuddered at the brink to which both had been drawing nigh.

She put back the thick hair from his broad burning forehead, moaning all the time over the unconscious many words of love and tenderness, which, had they been spoken earlier, would never have found him there; and at last, when he had fallen into that heavy slumber, which is too frequently the accompaniment of inebriety, she went into the parlor, and kneeling down in the fire-shine, prayed the Great Father to forgive her sin, and grant unto her that "meek and quiet spirit" which is the chief ornament of woman.

During all that long night she hung over his pillow, bathing his forehead, and watching his restless movements in his troubled slumber. The woman's heart was awakened now, and the pride had all gone before its holy whisperings.

The grey dawn was streaking the east, when, weary with her night's watching, Mrs. Howard once more repaired to her parlor, and, throwing herself on the lounge, was soon in a heavy slumber.

The sunlight laughed brightly through the muslin curtains that draped the window, and Henry Howard opened his eyes a moment—the story of the bygone night flashed into his mind—he closed them; "I shall never be able to look Ellen in the face again," he murmured.

At last he rose up and went into the parlor. She was lying there, her cheek pillowed on one white hand, and her long luxuriant curls sweeping the carpet.

He bent down and kissed her very softly; a tear fell on her forehead—she opened her eyes.

"Oh! Henry!" and the soft arms were wrapped around his neck, and the white cheek laid on his own, "I have been so wretched. You do not know—you cannot dream of all I have suffered during the last two days, and last night, Henry, it seemed as if it would kill me!"

"And I deserve that it should me, Nellie. You see I was very desperate last night, when I left you, for a terrible fear has been haunting me ever since I made that cruel speech to you—a fear that you did not love me. It was this that drove me to that dreadful act last evening. And I feared you would never forgive me for this; look up, my sweet wife, and tell me for those dear, blue eyes, that you do."

"And now, Henry," said Mrs. Howard, as her husband was leaving home very late that morning, "we have promised that the past shall be forgiven or forgotten—will you promise me one thing more, and I shall be so very happy?"

"Well, what is it, darling? I will do everything for your happiness."

"That you will sign the pledge this very day."

He did so, and when an angry thought came to the heart, or an angry word to the lips of Mrs. Howard, she went and looked on that pledge, and it was a bond of peace between her and her husband.

AWFUL THOUGHTS.—This had from the very beginning of their acquaintance induced in her that awe which is the most delicious feeling a wife can have toward a husband. "Awe!" said Fanny Fern, on hearing the above remark—"awe of a man whose whiskers you have trimmed, whose hair you have cut, whose cravat you have put into his boots, and whose shoes you have kicked into the closet, whose dressing gown you have worn while combing your hair, who has been down in the kitchen with you at eleven o'clock at night to hunt for a chicken bone, who has hooked your dresses, unlaced your boots, fastened your bracelets, and tied on your bonnet; who has stood before you looking-glass, with thumb and finger on his proboscis, scraping his chin; whom you have buttered and sugared and toasted, and tea-ed; whom you have seen asleep with his mouth wide open! Ki-dicu-lous!"

A MUSICAL CONGREGATION.—At a church of color, the minister, noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during singing service, called out in a loud voice,

"Get down off them seats both white men and colored; I care no more for de one dan de oder."

Imagine the minister's surprise, on hearing the congregation suddenly commenced singing in short metre:

"Get down off dem seats,
Boff white man and color;
I care no more for one man
Than I does for the other."

"Mr. Magistrate, I want to ask you one question. Has a man got a right to commit a nuisance?"

"Then, sir, I claim my liberty. I was arrested as a nuisance—and as no man has a right to commit me, I move for a non-suit."

The question has been carried up.

A pert lawyer in the South, late insulted the father, who fined him \$50. He repeated the insult, and the Judge doubled the fine; he tried it again, and he trebled it. Finally, he asked permission to go home. "What for?" asked the Judge. "To buy your honor's paper at ten per cent., to pay my fine."

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